

## **Blind Girl**

*See, there she sits now, smiling, always smiling  
To her readers, chin cocked up. She laughs  
Stiffly, shaking curls and reconciling  
Her large mouth to gaiety; she coughs  
Too loud. Her voice is discord magnified.  
Whitely behind wide lenses her great eyes  
Roll inside black circles that divide  
Her big square face. Oddly, she relies  
On color. Being blind, she dares rash red  
Dyes, consistent with her voice -- thick wool  
Of sweater matched to stockings, blue skirt spread  
Over her tension loosely, so that all  
Seems bright and solid. Should she not understand  
Shadow, sightless, softness of touch and sound?*

**-- Phyllis Rose**

*Janesville, Wisconsin*

## **Kate**

*She refused, when the cancer came,  
To dignify it with its name  
And had pernicious anemia instead,  
Succumbing, occasionally, to bed.  
Then, pinning the gaps up in her skirt,  
She took her walks and hid the hurt  
In her eyes when we would take our swim  
Or dig for clams. Even the prim  
Neatness remained and the English pride,  
Until the devil struck, and she died,  
Leaving to her nervous spouse  
Late liberty, and a quiet house.*

**-- William E. Taylor**

*Deland, Florida*